THE
NATION

JUNE 22, 1957 . . 25c

DR. JEKYLL and the A.M.A. . . *by Dan Wakefield*

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The Nation, June 22, 1957, Vol. 184, No. 25

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Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7, Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1957
VOLUME 184, NUMBER 25

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Upset in the North

Montreal

One night last week Canadian TV featured a gallery of startled faces. Pundits, editors, politicians, even the local version of UNIVAC, were trying vainly to comprehend and to explain a stunning political upset. The Liberal Party, which had held power for thirty-one of the past thirty-six years, had been all but shattered in an election. The debacle was general; one after another, members of the Cabinet—ministers of trade, finance, defense, revenue, justice, labor, posts—were toppled. And by midnight, a stunned "Uncle Louis" St. Laurant saw his Liberals converted from a national party into one speaking mainly with the separatist accents of his native French Quebec.

Politicians and pollsters (including Gallup's, which erred stupendously) will long argue the causes of the Liberal calamity. The current post-mortems can offer only half-hearted guesses. First, it is said, the voter had begun to feel it was "time for a change." ("The government," wrote *The Montreal Star*, "died of old age.") Second, he had been persuaded that the government had become "dictatorial." The Tories and the Socialists found plenty of ammunition in last year's acrimonious debate—ended by a peremptory closure—over the huge federal loan to a group of American promoters for the Trans-Canada gas pipeline. The choice villain usually was C. D. Howe, the government's tremendously able American-born "strong man." Howe has now lost the seat he held for twenty-two years to an obscure Socialist, and at the awful moment of defeat the chorus of a McGill University musical revue sang, "Uncle Lou, Uncle Lou, what's to become of you, and Howe?" Third, the Liberals had the ill luck of running head-on into too many provincial resentments. Fourth, the Liberals had miscalculated the amazing effectiveness of John Diefenbaker, the Progressive-Conservative (Tory) leader, with his old-fashioned political oratory and a Kefauverian capacity for hand-shaking. Fifth, the election may have been swayed by the undertone of anti-Americanism one finds throughout Canada. The roots of this antagonism lie in the prairie farmer's fear of U.S. wheat dumping in the world markets; in the pipeline debate and the discovery that a handful of promoters had made millions on the pipeline stock; and, of course, in the suicide of Ambassador Herbert Norman after he was goaded by the U.S. Internal Security subcommittee. Mr. Diefenbaker, with his call for close empire ties and for the end to "American economic domination," profited by these resentments.

What of the future? The parties are now balanced with such precision, no stable government is possible. To govern, a party needs 134 seats. Yet, the Tories have only 110, the Liberals 103, the Socialists 25, and the oil-rich Rightist Social Credit, 19. The Socialists, thus, can keep a cabinet in power or wreck it at will. Since neither major party would want to depend long on Socialist mercies, a new election is almost inevitable.

Meanwhile, there are marginal matters worth noting. Now seventy-five, "Uncle Lou" must soon give up Liberal leadership. With Finance Minister Harris unseated, the choice will probably fall on one of two other able men—Paul Martin and "Mike" Pearson. Though long a favorite target in Washington, Pearson is widely regarded here as one of the West's better diplomats. Thus, his loss to the External Affairs Department may be mitigated by his election to party leadership.

Also worth considering is the effect of the Liberal debacle on Canada's relations with the United States. These rest on some fundamental economic, geographic and military facts; and—as Pearson has repeatedly stressed—on basic issues the two nations must act in concert. But stresses are unavoidable, and—many here feel—not far away. If and when trouble does come, the United States may well have to pay a stiff price for the heavy-handedness of the Internal Security subcommittee.

On Frivolity and the Fifth

Senator John L. McClellan has been named "Father of the Year," but not, so far as we know, Grand High Executioner of Public and Private Sinners—at least not yet. . . . The other day the spectacle of Dave Beck, Jr. invoking the protection of the Fifth Amendment 130 times in a single session of the Select Committee

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on Labor-Management Relations caused the Senator to cry out in bitter protest against the frivolous and irrelevant use of the amendment; if continued, he said, it might cause law enforcement "to break down all over the country." At about the same time, the Senator indulged in a bit of eavesdropping and managed to overhear an attorney advising "a slim, dark-haired and modishly dressed" young lady to claim her rights under the Fifth Amendment. This prompted him to observe: "The chair's not fooled about what's going on around here."

Now if Dave Beck, Jr. has violated the laws of the land, he will presumably be prosecuted, all in Herbert Brownell's own good time; if he is an evil person, God will judge him. But Senator McClellan is not God and, although he once held the exalted office of prosecuting attorney of the seventh judiciary district in Arkansas, he is no longer a law-enforcement official. If the committee's questions were relevant, then Beck, Jr. was probably well-advised to plead the Fifth Amendment straight across the board, since he was clearly marked as a target for prosecution; on the other hand, if the questions were irrelevant, then the committee had no right to propound them. In either case, the Senator's wrath was uncalled for; his committee already had all the information it needed about Beck, Jr. to recommend legislation governing union funds.

As to the young lady, the Senator permitted the committee's energetic young counsel to suggest that she had attended conventions, all expenses paid, with a union official who was not her husband. If it were necessary that this juicy item of gossip be disclosed as a condition to the committee's ability to recommend legislation on labor-management relations, it could have been set forth in an affidavit. The inference is inescapable that the "chic, small-voiced brunette" was called merely to add a little zest to a dull session. Anyway, shouldn't Senator McClellan be wary about digging too deeply into American convention shenanigans? The day it becomes "frivolous" or "irrelevant" for a trim young brunette to plead the Fifth when asked with whom she attended a convention, fear and panic will spread throughout convention circles from Tacoma to Tallahassee.

The issue of the moment is not whether the Fifth Amendment can be invoked for frivolous or irrelevant reasons, but rather whether there are any constitutional limitations to the frivolous and irrelevant curiosity of Congressional committees.

Mr. Robertson's Declining Stock

Washington

Walter S. Robertson, the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, has been extremely busy issuing denials.

Last month *Newsweek* ascribed to "insiders" the belief that the Assistant Secretary might resign because he had been overruled on the question of American agreement to increased British and Japanese trade with China. Mr. Robertson hotly denied the truth of the story to *Newsweek's* bureau chief here.

This month the Washington *Post* reported that Dulles had vetoed a Robertson recommendation to break off the direct talks which the United States has been conducting with Communist China in Geneva for almost three years. Robertson rushed to the telephone to assure the *Post* the story wasn't true.

What the Assistant Secretary has been unable to deny, however, is that he has been publicly repudiated by the President. Many Americans think a more sensitive man would consider this ample ground for leaving the government.

On the day Britain announced its lowering of trade barriers against Red China to the level of controls against the European Soviet bloc, the State Department issued a statement under Robertson's sponsorship. The statement said the U.S. Government was "most disappointed" by the British action and declared that "The United States believed the security interests of the free world would best be promoted by the maintenance of a significant differential." By "differential," of course, is meant the severe controls on trade with China and in contrast to the lesser controls on trade with Russia and East Europe.

Six days later, the President dissociated himself from these views. Speaking of Communist China at a news conference, Mr. Eisenhower remarked that in the long run trade can't be stopped. He then directly proclaimed his dissent from the Robertson statement: "I don't see as much advantage in maintaining the differential as some do."

This time Robertson showed more self-restraint than he had with *Newsweek* and the Washington *Post*. He refrained from 'phoning the White House to demand a retraction.

Robertson is personally a friendly and agreeable man. However, in his fanatical devotion to Chiang Kai-shek, he never ceases cuddling up to the China Lobby in and around Congress. He has been consistently wrong and unrealistic, incapable of realizing that Chiang's discredited regime has as much chance of returning to the Chinese mainland as has the Ming dynasty.

Robertson has confided to one of his friends that he intends to stay at his present important post as long as Dulles is Secretary of State. Perhaps he is overestimating his powers of endurance. Since the anti-American riots on Formosa, Chiang isn't paying his friends the same political dividends any more.

As former president of the Richmond, Virginia, stock exchange, Robertson, the diplomatic bungler, should realize that he's long overdue to cut his losses and get out of the market.

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DR. JEKYLL and the A.M.A. . . .

by Dan Wakefield

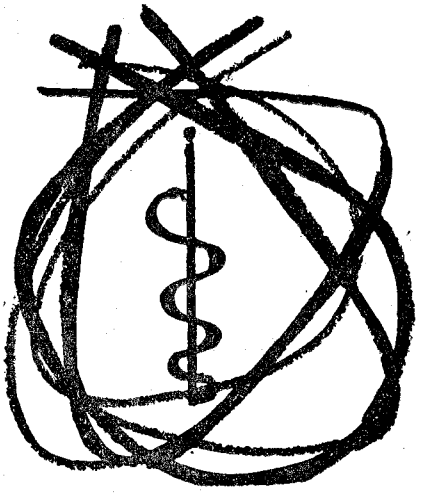
THE DARK clouds of progress hung heavily over the 106th convention of the American Medical Association as its delegates shuttled from the Waldorf-Astoria to the New York Coliseum, confronting the dangers of radiation on the one hand and socialization on the other. The only real answer for life in our time seemed to be the one provided by the Wallace Laboratories, makers of Miltown, who dispensed the lotus in generous samples from a small but always busy booth at the convention's technical exposition.

The conclave, held early this month, was the largest in A.M.A.'s history, drawing 55,847 doctors and guests, employing hundreds of workers and requiring, for the operation of the Coliseum alone, five miles of electrical cable, 10,000 square yards of carpeting, 56,000 square yards of draperies, 300,000 I.B.M. cards—which, with other un-itemized equipment, were brought by forty baggage cars and hundreds of trucks to their destination and finally resulted at the end of the convention week in the bacchanalian total of forty truckloads of debris, carted away at $30 a load.

The magnitude of it is staggering even to the contemporary soul, and was no doubt unforeseeable by the organization's founder, one Nathan Smith Davis, a long-dead freedom fighter, who, according to the official history of the A.M.A., was "born in a log cabin on the farm near Greene, Chenango County, New York, which had been homesteaded and partially cleared of its original forest by his father, Dow Davis, an orphan, who had, when in his early teens, run away from the cobbler to whom he had been indentured."

THE RUB, of course, comes in the realization that for all the trappings, here are Dow Davis's descendants a century later and fighting off indenture again. Their British brothers are already in chains, and here in the new world the manacles are being snapped not only by the federal government, but by union and "private" health plans—such as John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers welfare and retirement plan—which have swept upon the scene to introduce "third party" elements between patient and doctor. This threatens us all, the medicos feel, with the loss of our basic American freedoms, and it was this black issue which occupied the center of the stage for the A.M.A. House of Delegates as it wrestled with the future.

The rumors of impending doom



had begun as far back as 1933, when the A.M.A. delegates approved a report condemning the then-existing voluntary health-insurance plans with the judgment that "it is clear that all such schemes are contrary to sound public policy and that the shortest road to the commercialization of the practice of medicine is through the supposedly rosy path of insurance." But the tides were moving, and by the late forties the government was talking of national compulsory health insurance (branded by the A.M.A. as "political medicine") and the A.M.A., with the help of the Whitaker and Baxter advertising agency, was raising its voice with the slogan: "Voluntary Health Insurance—the American Way." "The American Way," however, was delimited to broad and pure insurance plans such as Blue Cross and Blue Shield, and definitely did not include the sudden new evils of private-group plans with their own panels of doctors, such as New York's Health Insurance Plan (H.I.P.) and California's Kaiser Foundation plan. In 1954, the New York State Medical Society roared into the A.M.A. House of Delegates with a set of proposed amendments to the medical code which would have made it "unethical" for a doctor to work with H.I.P., which by then had 400,000 members. The house wouldn't go that far, though, and the battle was pitched independently by county medical societies, with ostracism of group-practice doctors such as took place on a long front in California, where the Los Angeles County Medical Society led the finally futile charge against the Kaiser doctors.

BUT THIS year the A.M.A. had to come to grips with the biggest dragon of them all—the United Mine Workers welfare and retirement plan. H.I.P. and Kaiser both have approximately 500,000 people enrolled, and both carry on their dark mission within the confines of a single state. The U.M.W. plan has a million beneficiaries spread through forty-five states, Alaska and the District of Columbia. It employs 6,800 physicians at a total cost of $17,000,000 a year, and has built $30,000,000 worth of hospitals.

Against this monster the delegates brought five different resolutions, a supplementary report by the board of trustees on "Suggested Guides to Relationships Between State and County Medical Societies and the United Mine Workers of America Welfare and Retirement Fund," and considerable passionate oratory. All the proposed resolutions and suggestions were unloaded on the Committee on Miscellaneous Business, and on the second day of the convention all who were interested joined the committee in session for hearings in the West Foyer of the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf. There, where the imitation dogwood

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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bravely climbs through the inevitable smoke of deliberation, a standing-room audience heard the bleak details of the conspiracy and uttered hopeless war-cries—later judged impractical by legal advisors.

The session got under way with less urgent though similarly threatening issues, such as continuing the annual A.M.A-sponsored high school essay contest on the topics, "The Advantages of Private Medical Care" or "The Advantages of the American Free Enterprise System." It seems that several members had sensed a certain futility in "essay contests," but a doctor from the Colorado delegation was up to tell the tale of a Denver high school class assignment on "The Advantages of Socialized Medicine" which was opposed by a doctor's daughter who had designs on the A.M.A. essay prize, but who could not very well fit the teacher's assigned topic into the competition. All saw the moral, and the resolution to maintain the contest was approved.

DISCUSSION of the main resolution against the U.M.W. fund and like menaces got off to a fiery start with the words of one of the resolution's co-authors, Dr. Everett H. Munro of the Colorado State Medical Society. Dr. Munro's resolution proposed that "voluntary participation in systems of medical care which deny patients their right of free choice of physicians as so defined, other than as may be required by the mandates of law, constitutes a violation of the Principles of Medical Ethics."

The president of the Colorado State Medical Society backed his colleague's view with the opinion that the A.M.A. had only three courses open to it, and the one embodied in this resolution was the best. A second course was to take no action at all, which would lead to the British sort of socialized medicine. The last course, which might have to be followed if the resolution failed, was the formation of a "medical guild" which would "bargain collectively with labor and management"—although this would mean the loss of dignity of the medical profession.

Conditions were as drastic all across the land. A doctor from Michigan warned that Walter Reuther was about to inflict a medical-welfare plan comparable to the Mine Workers' on the toilers of Detroit. An embattled freedom fighter from Illinois reported that some doctors in his state were "losing $5,000-$15,000 a year in private practice because of the Miners' plan." Only in Mississippi was the flame of liberty still unthreatened. "We don't have this problem, but we can't tell when we might," their delegate reported, and added his sympathetic support to his colleagues' cause.

Dr. Harry Mantz, an Illinois delegate back from the front, warned the troops that "the men from Colorado [sponsors of the resolution] are very courageous because they *are* going to be sued. In Illinois, we can't throw out a doctor from the state medical society without danger of a federal suit."

But dangers aside, there were altogether twenty-five men to speak up in favor of the drastic measures embodied in the resolutions, and the only dissent had to come from the Devil's Disciple himself, Dr. Warren Draper, who directs the U.M.W. welfare and retirement fund. He was offered the microphone and quietly read to the delegates:

> The task of providing medical care for the miners and their families was assumed by the fund in 1948 because the unnecessary suffering, disability and preventable deaths due to inadequate medical care, or none at all, were shocking to all who knew the facts. The report of a medical survey of the bituminous coal industry, conducted under government auspices in 1946, contains the statement that in some of the mining communities provisions for health are "so poor that their tolerance is a disgrace to a nation to which the world looks for pattern and guidance" . . . Any thoughtful person in full possession of the facts would know that with the investment the fund has made in medical care for its beneficiaries the program cannot stop; it must go on. Petty persecutions, such as those by certain county medical societies which endeavor to prevent the Fund from providing medical care for its beneficiaries by denying membership in the county medical society to physicians who do so, will be settled by legal means if other measures fail. Other petty forms of persecution have already failed.

Out of the resulting silence, Chairman Dr. Peter DiNatalie called up one of A.M.A's lawyers, who could only tell his clients that the whole thing was "not an easy matter to discuss." In the end, it was discussed at 7:15 on the morning of the last day by A.M.A. staff legal advisors, who told the militants of the Colorado delegation that the resolutions might be fine in principle, but John L. Lewis would have them in the courts, there was no getting around it. They would have to be satisfied with the committee's report—at last adopted—which explained that although the resolutions were approved "in principle," the organization could officially do no more than "re-emphasize the American Medical Association's approval of the principle of free choice of physician and hospital," and adopt the Board of Trustees' "suggected guides" to relationships with the U.M.W.

ALL WEEK long, the evils of "corporate practice" of medicine by government, unions, industries and private groups were condemned, and the "free choice of physician" upheld as being no less essential to American life than free enterprise itself. In actuality, most of the plans, including the U.M.W. fund, provide that a patient can choose from a number of doctors approved by the particular organization, and the U.M.W. fund itself allows that a beneficiary may call in any outside doctor desired and have him approved for work through the fund. But the A.M.A. still sees it as a limitation of freedom, and a start toward the end of all liberty; they proclaimed that such "corporate" practice "in many of its forms . . . is indistinguishable in practice and effect from socialization of medicine and it appears to embody all of its evils."

And yet, a recent report has estimated that 40 per cent of the nation's doctors are on a full or part-time salary, and thus themselves participants in the "ethically questionable" arrangement of allowing a

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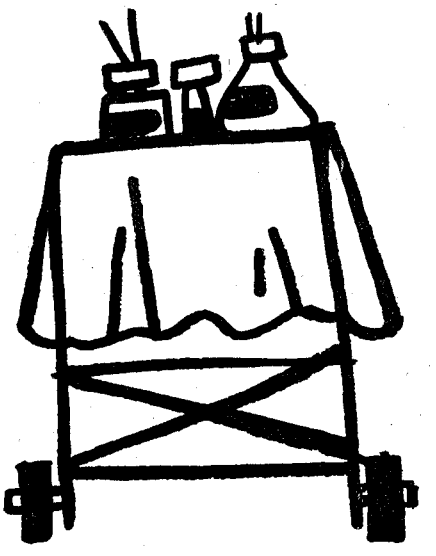
"third party" to come between the physician and his patient in their dealings. Full-scale war on the new menace is legally and practically impossible, and the A.M.A., having wrestled with it and postponed it in hopes of finding a secret weapon to smash the enemy, is now adjusted to the reality that it can carry on nothing more than harassment. The convention had to content itself finally with such small solace as could come from deleting the word "welfare"—said to have horrid "paternalistic" connotations—from all its pronouncements and replacing it with the word "well-being."

There were those who took comfort in these hopeless swipes, and the business of the house was concluded with the words of Dr. B. E. Pickett of Texas who reverently said that "although we all, 'ere long, may pass from among the children of men, what you have wrought here will not pass, but stand as a lasting monument to progressive medicine in our time." Coming from a member of the Texas delegation the optimism was notable, since the Lone Star contingent, after pushing for such resolutions as a proposal to end the U.S. income tax, might well have been depressed at the final small sallies the A.MA.. saw fit to make against the future. There was, however, comfort to be drawn in the fact that the delegates had once again held the line against



proposals to include physicians in federal social security. Connecticut had pressed for a national referendum on the matter, and New York had thrown out caution altogether and offered a resolution noting that "Doctors of Medicine are now the sole self-employed professional group excluded [from social security]; and, because of this unfair exclusion physicians must pay $7,000 to $25,000 more for retirement and life insurance than other citizens"; and proposing that the doctors throw in with the tide. But principle defeated temptation and the House of Delegates held fast to individualism.

Meanwhile, back at the Coliseum, the other half of the A.M.A.'s character was confronting more universal portents of doom. The A.M.A., as is appropriate to the times, has a split personality: the part dealing with technical aspects of medicine is known as the scientific half, while the side that carries on such affairs as were held at the Waldorf is known as socio-economic.

The scientific proceedings got off on encouraging notes, with accounts such as those of "Hearing Restoration Surgery Reported 'Perfected'" and "Doctors Report Unusual Operations to Save Man's Sight," but before the week was out we had learned that many of our athletes were hopped up with "pep pills" and that smokers of one pack of cigarettes a day might expect to have the weed subtract seven or eight years from their life. At the closing session, an Air Force colonel came to inform the doctors that "microwave radiation"—emanations of electrical energy at frequencies of several hundred million cycles a second—is increasing all the time with new and more powerful radar and television installations, and that microwave radiation can be dangerous because it can destroy by heating living tissues. "Expert opinion about how much microwave radiation is safe for man is not available," the colonel reported.

Progress presses upon us from every direction, and who can blame the A.M.A. for wanting to return to the halcyon days of the good old country doctor?

NEW REALISM in the NEAR EAST .. *by Jon Kimche*

Beirut

THIS IS my sixteenth visit to the Middle East. Leaving aside the special case of the war of 1948, it has been the most exciting I have yet experienced. For the Middle East of the 1950s—and of the 1940s—has passed away. The Middle East of 1960 is taking shape. It is going to be very different from that with which we have become so familiar.

The change is not immediately apparent to the naked eye, for it is taking place not in the landscape of the region, but rather in the minds of those who are shaping its future.

The change to realism: A new division is in process of creation to replace those which so long served the politicians and publicists of the area. Instead of the old Arab-Israeli, Iraqi-Egyptian, or the Christian-Moslem divisions, there is now a simpler and more fundamental parting of the ways: the new thinkers and the old. It is a split that cuts right across the old familiar unities, political, national and racial. It is as much in evidence in Israel as in Lebanon, Iraq and among the Palestinian Arabs. Without a proper appreciation of this development, no valid assessment of the Middle East is today practicable.

As far as the Arabs are concerned, the essence of this new thinking is the refreshing realism with which it is geared to the tremendous economic and intellectual advances which have been made in recent

JON KIMCHE, a British journalist who has spent many years in the Middle East, is the author of Seven Fallen Pillars: The Middle East.

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years. For the first time since the end of World War II, the leaders of Arab thought are no longer constrained by slogans, nor do they accept the standards of "the street" as the only basis for their politics.

They stand in stark contrast to the "new romantics," who neither see nor accept the implications of the changed conditions and who have been greatly encouraged by the muddled thinking of so many of their friends in Britain and the United States. It is particularly sad to have to record that in this exciting transformation of the Middle East, British Labor and liberal opinion generally seem to side with the old order.

Outworn labels: The reason for this is all too evident when one takes a closer look at the Arab world. Words have been stood on their heads. Nationalism, socialism, independence and imperialism have become appended to packages the contents of which bear little resemblance to the description on the labels. But the British Left, and liberal opinion on the whole, seem to be satisfied with the label and do not bother with the contents.

The Arab world has become more realistic than that. It is beginning to see the distinction between false nationalism and real, and between genuine independence and domination by another Arab state. In the same way it is looking more closely at the pretensions of the so-called Socialist and left-wing parties. Do they stand for a program of social reform, or merely the exploitation of Socialist sympathies for the extreme forms of totalitarian nationalism based on intimate cooperation with the Russians?

Egypt's role: There has been a rude awakening among many Arab leaders and thinkers to the implications of pursuing a kind of pro-Soviet nationalism which rules out every form of co-existence with countries in or outside the Middle East which are not completely *gleichgeschaltet*. Similar second thoughts have also become evident in a reappraisal of the so-called Arab Socialist parties and other groups whose policies are based on international intolerance supported by domestic totalitarianism.

The principal focus of this questioning are Egypt and Colonel Nasser's philosophy of the revolution. The re-examination has taken a very realistic form: Is there a future for the Middle East under the hegemony of Nasser's Egypt as visualized by Egypt, Jordan and Syria, the signatories of the Amman Pact last October? The "new thinkers" among the Arabs are convinced that the events of the last six months have already provided the answer. For Egypt, they believe, has failed to establish her claim to leadership on each of the three counts that matter. *Politically*, she has produced no plan of social reform without which the Arab countries are doomed to stagnation; she has not even carried out her own very limited program of land reform. *Militarily*, she has shown (in the Sinai campaign) that other Arab countries cannot rely on her for effective military support for many years to come. *Economically*, the Jordan experience and developments inside Egypt have demonstrated that Egypt will have to seek economic aid for her own development rather than be a source of help for the smaller Arab states.

Alternative leadership: Thus, while there are still in all countries groups and parties looking to Colonel Nasser as the savior of the Middle East, their number, *and especially their influence*, are rapidly diminishing. The fact is that for the first time since Egypt's July revolution of 1952, probably a majority of articulate Arab opinion is looking for an alternative to Egyptian leadership.

IS THERE such an alternative?

There is, of course, Iraq. But this country has repeatedly shown itself as singularly ineffective and, in moments of crisis, fearful of taking risks. The Iraqis and their supporters in Jordon and in Lebanon argue that the threat of Israeli intervention was a good enough reason for the failure of Iraq to attempt to "federate" with either Syria or Jordan when the opportunities were presented. At the same time, they say, Iraq's British ally acted as a constant brake on Iraqi Premier Nuri in all his efforts to advance his "Fertile Crescent" ideas. And to these factors one must add Egypt's growing influence over the whole Arab world, including Iraq.

BUT now the situation has changed. Egypt's influence is waning. The British alliance is no longer strong enough to act as a brake. Nuri has the support of the American "activists" and now also of King Saud. Furthermore, Iraq now has an additional attraction unrivalled by any other Arab country: she has enormous unspent financial resources from her oil.

The picture elsewhere has also changed in Iraq's favor. In Jordan and Lebanon regimes are now entrenched which support some kind of union or federation with Iraq. But perhaps even more important is the changed mood of articulate Palestinian Arab opinion.

The Palestinian Arabs (not the emigrés nor the refugees in the camps) seem to be becoming the realists in the Arab camp. Despite the ceaseless press and radio propaganda about their "lost paradise," they are now assessing their future prospects with calculated realism. The Sinai war demonstrated which way the wind was blowing. They are no longer looking to Cairo.

Strange as it may seem, therefore, it is the Palestinian element that is providing the impetus to the revival of the Iraqi alternative to Egyptian leadership. Thus the concept of union with Iraq has become something more than the aspiration of two young Hashemite monarchs and their aged Premiers; it has developed a popular, an economic and political base. It also has the support of the Lebanese governing coalition as well as of the American "activists" who now make Middle East policy.

Israel remains the principal obstacle to its achievement. There is, therefore, a lively discussion proceeding among Arabs, who are asking whether there are ways by which Israel can be brought to drop her opposition to a Jordan-Iraq federation which could subsequently be extended to Syria and Lebanon.

Arab leaders are inclined to argue

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that even if Israel got nothing in return, federation would not constitute a threat to Israel's security. It would enable the Israeli-Arab problem to be "frozen" for perhaps ten or fifteen years, during which time the refugee question would largely solve itself and the ground would be prepared for Israel's integration into the Middle East.

But at the same time the Arabs recognize that something more than such generalized assumptions might be required to ensure Israel's benevolent neutrality towards the organization of the Fertile Crescent under Iraqi hegemony. This feeling is particularly strong since there is again a surprisingly strong current of Arab opinion which claims that Syria especially has no valid claim as an independent state and must be absorbed by the new "union."

The protagonists of this policy understand that to achieve their objective they must "buy" Israel's consent. They insist that the time is not ripe for peace, nor even for a settlement. But they do believe that a mutually satisfactory policy can be evolved based on a program of peaceful co-existence between Israel and the new Arab Union—with the possible demilitarization of Arab Palestine.

SOME OF these ideas are old and have been heard so often before that people have ceased to take notice of them. But today, for the first time, they are also in harmony with the situation of the most affected Arab countries, and therefore assume a quality of reality which they have never had before.

Thus Albert Hourani, outstanding Arab intellectual, at his first public lecture at the American University in Beirut last month, voiced the need for the Arab countries to develop a form of co-existence with Christians and non-Arabs in the Middle East. The new climate is making itself felt not only in the Arab world, but also in Israel. The massive self-confidence which now characterizes Israel's policy-makers makes it easier for them to reappraise their own traditional positions vis-à-vis the Arabs. In particular, this seems to apply to the possibility of some kind of Iraq-Jordan federation or union. If there were some kind of United States guarantee for Israel, backed by a firm understanding on co-existence, it is now doubtful whether the Israelis would be still as opposed to the spreading Iraqi influence as they were last October.

Nothing is yet firmly settled, but it is surely significant that the tendency on both slopes of the hill —on the Israeli and on the Arab sides—is in the same direction. The hub of Middle Eastern politics has moved from Cairo to Baghdad, and the future of Egypt has become less of a Middle Eastern and more essentially an Egyptian problem, and therefore less likely to involve the rest of the area.

With this change, conditions in the Middle East are again fluid, and politically less explosive than they have been at any time since the end of the second World War.

FARBEN on the POTOMAC . . *by Al Toffler*

ONE OF THE unreported facets of the recent visit of West German Chancellor Adenauer to Washington was the receipt by him of several private cables from one of his leading advisors in Germany. The messages came from Hermann Abs, a top man in the Suddeutsche Bank and in Badische Aniline, an offshoot of the allegedly decartellized I. G. Farben empire.

Abs, suave and handsome at fifty-five, is a member of Adenauer's brain trust. A wartime director of I. G. Farben and the man considered responsible for the looting of Europe by the big German banks during the occupation, Abs is now also the head of a little-known organization called the "Society for Promotion of the Protection of Foreign Investments." The society has headquarters in Cologne and Herr Abs reputedly receives $125,000 per year for his services in its behalf.

One of the services was the unpublicized barrage of cablegrams, in which Abs urged Adenauer to inject into the joint communique issued by the Chancellor and President Eisenhower a reference to the Axis assets seized by the United States during World War II. Adenauer turned down the suggestion. The Chancellor, in fact, was reported to be irked at the attempt to tell him what to do. Nevertheless, the Chancellor is now deep in the hottest election campaign of his career. The last general election campaign in West Germany is estimated to have cost Adenauer's party in the neighborhood of $6,000,000. And that kind of money comes from the very type of campaign contributor who is likely to be a supporter of the Society for Promotion, etc. Thus, when a reporter asked Adenauer at a press conference whether the subject of Axis assets had arisen during his talks with Eisenhower and Dulles, the tall, rugged octogenarian replied: "This problem . . . was . . . raised . . . and we are looking for a way which would make it possible to meet the claims and the demands which are made in Germany and which are *very important from a political point of view.*" (Italics added.) The matter, he disclosed, would continue under negotiation with the State Department.

All of this may prove bewildering to the average American who knows little about the seized assets and even less about the fantastic lobby they have engendered in Washington. Nonetheless, the story is a fascinating one not lacking in grim moral and political overtones.

When the United States entered World War II, it moved quickly to

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seize all known Axis assets in this country. By the time the process was completed, the Office of Alien Property of the Department of Justice found itself the owner of $394,000,000 worth of everything from huge manufacturing companies to real estate, patents, insurance policies and household items. Today the value of all this has shot up to over $600,000,000, and one of the most monstrous pressure campaigns in postwar history has been mounted to get the United States to hand it all back. The big money for this fight comes from Germany, but the principal pressure is applied by a brigade of top-flight American legal and public-relations firms. Amazingly enough, the names of prominent liberals and humanitarians, among them Jews, have been enlisted in the cause of the erstwhile pro-Nazi industrialists.

Currently, only $265,000,000 remains in the hands of the Office of Alien Property. The remainder has been paid out to U.S. citizens who spent time in enemy prisoner-of-war camps, to former owners of seized property whose enemy nationality had been based on technicalities, to Germans and Japanese who could prove they were persecuted by their own government. Small sums also went to other allied governments, and an additional $50,000,000 was spent to administer the big program over the years.

AT PRESENT only a handful of active former German enterprises are still held. But one of these is the $100,000,000 General Aniline and Film Corporation, and this is the source of the steam behind the pressure for return.

General Aniline was formerly the key link in the I. G. Farben cartel's chain of American operations. Farben, of course, was one of the industrial bulwarks of the Hitler regime: it not only provided the bone and gristle of war materiel, but its overseas holdings, including General Aniline, served as nuclei for Nazi espionage. During the war Farben employed slave labor, carried out "scientific" experiments on the living bodies of "non-Aryan" prisoners and worked in intimate harmony with the machinery of Hitler's state.

Unlike most of the other seized assets, General Aniline has never been put up for sale to American interests. The reason for this is that the legitimate heirs of Farben have spent millions of dollars in a prolonged court fight in this country to regain ownership of it. Despite repeated adverse rulings, the litigation has been continued in hopes that prevailing political winds here might shift. In fact, the litigation has been so protracted that an entire staff of Department of Justice lawyers have had to make a virtual career out of this one case.

The legal actions are based on the claim that General Aniline was not an arm of Farben, but was owned by a "Swiss" company called I. G. Chemie. The fact, documented in volumes of court records, is that I. G. Chemie (since renamed "Interhandel") was created by Farben for the express purpose of holding General Aniline. Until the war, Farben's control was overt. The president of General Aniline from 1929 to 1936 was Hermann Schmitz, Farben's board chairman. From then until 1939 its boss was Hermann's brother, Dietrich. Imported German technicians staffed the American subsidiary. But when it began to look as if the United States would enter the war, Farben wrote to the Nazi Ministry of the Economy suggesting that it be allowed to make General Aniline "somewhat more Americanized" to avoid possible seizure. Among the court records is a letter from Farben to the Nazi ministry also urging that I. G. Chemie, the holding company, be "freed from the connections which can be interpreted as being under German influence." Other correspondence reveals that Farben made no moves without checking with the "competent Reich authorities" who were interested in "securing—highly important from a political-economic view—our American interests."

As late as last April, the annual report of the now supposedly decartellized Farben company revealed intense interest in "the passage of an act to return property in the U.S.A."—this despite the stubborn argument of litigants here that General Aniline has no connection with Farben.

As a result of evidence like the foregoing, Farben, alias I. G. Chemie, alias Interhandel, did not get far in the courts. Meanwhile, however, during all these years repeated efforts have been made in Congress to achieve by legislation what the former Nazis have been unable to achieve by litigation.

IT IS AT this point that one of the slickest lobbies on Capitol Hill enters the scene. Studded with former generals, well-known political personalities and gilt-edge lawyers, one wing of the lobby fights openly for return of the properties, while the other provides institutional advertising for the cause by taking up the cudgels in behalf of the "sanctity of private property."

Chief peddler of what is in this case a slice of noble baloney is a high-class public-relations firm, Julius Klein and Associates, which represents Abs's society. General Julius Klein, a former commander of the Jewish War Veterans (it should be stressed that the J.W.V. itself strenuously opposes return legislation) admits that he, like Abs, wishes to see General Aniline and the remainder of the seized assets restored. However, Klein and his people stubbornly insist that they do not actively work for return, but only to publicize the "sanctity of private property." For the $40,000 annual fee his firm receives, Klein, as a more or less prominent Jew, provides a protective coloration extremely useful to German industrialists who once supported nazism and who cooperated in the slaughter of 6,000,000 less fortunate members of his religion.

Also hard at work in the cause is the law firm of Boykin and DeFrancis, representing the Stinnes interests, the German Embassy and one of the West German industrial societies. Boykin's task, listed on his foreign-agent registration form, is to develop a "legislative program whereby a specific return can be effectuated." Fees: almost $70,000 so far. Then there is John J. Wilson, attorney for Interhandel, which spends an estimated $350,000 an-

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nually to recapture General Aniline.

A few days after I visited Klein's Washington office, I began to receive unsolicited pro-return propaganda from another outfit, the Committee for Return of Confiscated German and Japanese Property. This group, unlike Klein's, makes no bones about its purpose. It is headed by Frederick J. Libby and James Finucane, both best known for their efforts in behalf of the SS-men who committed the massacre of American P.O.W.'s at Malmedy during the Battle of the Bulge. Today Libby and Finucane are lassoing prominent anti-Fascists and liberals into support of the cause.

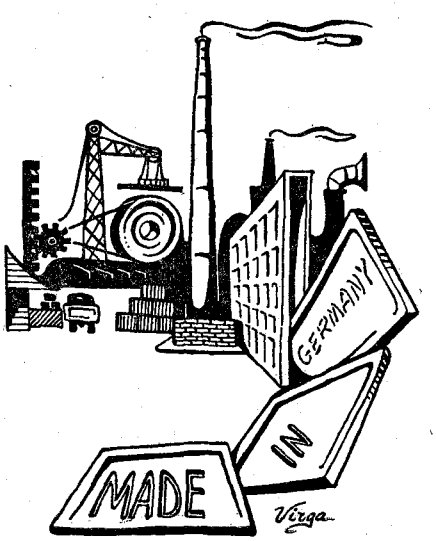
Thus one of the mailings I have received from them was a newspaper clipping of an article by Norman Thomas in which he echoes the Finucane-Libby pitch. Recently, an attempt to enroll Mrs. Roosevelt in the cause fell through after she was tipped off as to the nature of the committee's work. Nevertheless, Finucane and Libby have Rabbi Abraham Cronbach, Clarence E. Pickett, Devere Allen, Learned Hand and others on their list of members.

A STUDY of the committee's propaganda reveals why. It is couched in terms of sympathy for the individual "little" Germans whose small holdings were seized along with Farben's. What this propaganda never points out is that 90 per cent (in dollar value) of the seized property belonged to only 10 per cent of the former owners. The word "Farben" is never mentioned once in the material I have seen. It appears obvious that the Thomases, the Cronbachs and the others are moved by genuine sensitivity to the plight of many plain people who were hurt by the process of seizure. But it is equally obvious that Finucane and Libby, as well as the high-priced lawyers and public-relations men, are riding the backs of the widows and orphans in order to achieve full return to the German industrialists.

Moreover, the well-meaning proponents of the "sanctity of private property" seem to forget that the German Federal Republic, by international agreement, itself had undertaken the responsibility for upholding this particular sanctity. In the Bonn Convention of 1952, the Allies agreed not to press claims for reparations—in return for which West Germany promised to pay its own nationals for any claims against seized assets. Since then, the Bonn government has neither repaid its nationals, nor ceased to press us to do so out of our own pockets. One witness before a Senate subcommittee has put it this way: "If the former German owners of property located in the United States feel that their assets have been confiscated, it is simply because the German Government has not lived up to its agreements. . . . Their complaint should be directed not at the United States, but toward their own government."

THE LEGISLATIVE embodiment of the drive for return is S.600, a bill dropped in the hopper by Senator Olin Johnston (D.-S.C.). As this is written, S.600 is reportedly being redrafted, but in its original form it provided not only for the return of the $265,000,000 still held by the Office of Alien Property, not only for the original total of $394,000,000 seized, but for the full *appreciated* value of $600,000,000. Moreover, it expressly permits fees in connection with claims to run as high as 10 per cent, a not uncalculated protection for the American legal experts engaged in the rewarding work of collecting claims.

Meanwhile, powerful opposition to Johnston has come from another Southern Democrat, Senator George Smathers of Florida. In hearings before the Trading with the Enemy subcommittee early in April, Smathers loosed a salvo which has forced Johnston and his allies, like Dirksen (R.-Ill.), to re-think their entire strategy. In a cogent, dramatic brief, Smathers traced the corrupt history of similar property-return lobbies after World War I. He also has introduced a bill which would head off return by applying the seized assets to the provision of scholarships for American children.



Smathers has now been joined in his sharp counterattack by Senator Thomas Hennings (D.-Mo.), who has other ideas about how to use the money, but who is likewise trying to head off return.

Between these positions of no return and full return, however, lies an approach which those concerned about the fate of the "little" German or Japanese might well consider. This is the compromise worked out by the Justice Department, which unofficially favors no return, and the State Department, which would do anything to keep Adenauer happy. It calls for making a limited return of up to $10,000 to individuals, but without turning back General Aniline.

UNDER THIS compromise, the limited return would be made as a matter of grace, and not as fulfillment of an obligation. The difference is important, for in addition to the Bonn convention, the United States is bound legally by another international pact affecting enemy property. Under the Paris Agreement of January, 1946, this country and seventeen Allied nations pledged to prevent the return of seized assets, and any American recognition of German "legal" claims to the property would be in violation of the agreement.

The question may well be asked: Are international agreements of less value, as a principle of conduct, than the sanctity of private property? If the Bonn government has regard for either, it would discharge the responsibility it agreed to accept when it signed the Bonn Convention of 1952.

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The Dilemma of Total Revolt . . *by Roger Lloyd*

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IN ALL the churches of the Western World what used to be called the Christian Social Movement has now come to a dead end, and its leaders, themselves announcing and lamenting this fact, are casting round to find the way out of it. They would not do this if they did not believe that there was such a way, or, conversely, if they thought that their work was finished and done. Significantly, this is not true of their daughter churches in the under-developed parts of the world, for there, particularly in India and all over the Far East and in much of Africa, the Christian Social Movement is still in its pioneering stage. It is engaged in the rallying of the Christian conscience to attack, in the name of the Gospel, particular and obvious social evils, grinding poverty, hunger, slums, racial oppression and the like. In the East there is a grim giant to be killed who stands clear and threatening in the sight of all. In the West that same giant, if not completely dead, is now so seriously battered that he can no longer supply the impetus to set crusades marching, and the first need of any kind of popular, vigorous movement is a good, big, frightening Goliath to sling stones at.

When men like Kingsley and Maurice in one generation, and Gore and Temple in another, were the prophets of the movement, there was always something which its rank-and-file devotees could do about it tomorrow morning. They could hold meetings at factory gates, put their weight behind the Workers' Educational Association, create public-utility societies to re-house slum dwellers, address church meetings about the social implications of the Gospel, or draw up lists of shops whose products were to be banned by the faithful because they sweated their labor. Though none of these evils has entirely vanished from the West today, they are all so diminished in scale that it is no longer appropriate to react to them in the old ways, and in fact we do not. A popular militant movement always needs a giant to fight. That there no longer is one is regretted as much by the trade unions as by the churches.

BUT THOUGH the old Goliath is so battered as to be nearly dead, the spirit of revolt remains as strong and as nearly universal as ever. But against what is it revolting in the name of the Gospel? There are indeed modern Goliaths, but they are so vague, so indefinable, so impervious to any amount of slings and arrows that it is quite impossible to draw a really telling cartoon of any of them. People revolt against something they call the Nature of Capitalist Society, but not against the top-hatted, fat-bellied capitalist, for everybody knows that his teeth have been drawn and his talons pared. Besides, more likely than not, he is a corporation or a government board. The movement's leaders revolt against the power of money over life, but they have to be careful not to turn that into a revolt against wealth, since if they do they soon find themselves blaspheming against the bounty of God's creation. They revolt often enough against a political philosophy called Liberalism, largely because the very word suggests the economic doctrine of *laissez faire,* which—in Britain at any rate—is about as dead as anything could be. They protest, rightly, against the terrible power of the state over all individual life. But that cry creates no popular crusade, since it is the infallible and idolized democracy which gave power to the state, and because the great mass of weekly wage-earners have gained enormously and disproportionately from these new powers and at the moment are not in the least interested in so abstract a thing as personal liberty.

For lack of a good object of satire, and also for lack of any competent popularizer of their thought, the Christian Social Movement today is very like an army which is all generals and no rank and file, or like a long row of eminent philosophers, none of whom has disciples or a school to teach. Yet the spirit of revolt is there, rampant through the world, vague but real, inchoate but active, and its Christian leaders and thinkers are there, too—eloquent, analytical and persevering. But between the present leaders and the force waiting to be led there appears to be almost no contact. This is not wholly the fault of the leaders; for their particular arts, the times are out of joint. No one in politics, in trade unionism or in the religious world can claim to have found the way to win the loyalty of the anonymous industrial worker and his family. Whoever finds the way first will in the end rule the Western world.

The fact is that the task of the leaders of the Christian Social Movement is now exceedingly difficult, more difficult by far than anything which their predecessors of the first and second generation had to face. The remedies for social disease prescribed by those pioneers have mostly now been applied. They have done an immense amount of good, but they have not cured the disease. In consequence, the work of diagnosis has now to be done all over again. This time it is much harder. If, for instance, it is desired to investigate the nature of capitalist society, and perhaps to criticize it,

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it is necessary to talk a good deal about the "God-givenness" of real wealth, what real wealth is, its relationship to money and to private or public gain, and what the line of demarcation between real and illusory wealth may be. This, in turn, involves the whole doctrine of divine creation on the one hand, and of the nature of original sin in man on the other hand. All really thoroughgoing sociology today is a discussion about the deep things of God and man, with the findings of the innumerable sociological enquiries and surveys acting as texts and terms of reference. There is in fact no longer any possibility of separating theology from Christian sociology. The two themes are one.

THEN, to make things even more difficult, there is no longer any obvious subject of denunciation. That much is very ill with our modern industrial civilization is obvious enough, but who is the villain of the piece? Not now the old-fashioned capitalist. The managerial class? Or the state? Or democracy? Or nationalism? Or, more likely, the general and universal sinfulness of man? Considered as villains, each may be villainous enough, but all of them are much too vague to lampoon effectively. We are now all so deeply and inextricably involved that the real villain is Everyman, and while it is possible enough to make Everyman the hero of a morality play, it is quite impossible to make him the target of a sociological denunciation.

With this desperately difficult assignment the modern leaders of the Christian Social Movement are struggling manfully. The many books of Paul Tillich in the United States and of Canon Demant in Britain are characteristic. Their books and those of others like them, the speeches made at their summer schools and conferences, and the papers read to the sociological meetings of the World Council of Churches are all apt to make the same impression and to tell the same tale. The impression they give is of great and most learned minds wrestling in travail to reduce a barely masterable mass of inchoate material to some form of coherence. No one can read Tillich or Demant without realizing that one is at grips with a really profound mind struggling with so great a matter that gestation is an intellectual agony. The tale they tell is that sociological advance towards the Kingdom of God is now a matter of the theological and philosophical interpretation of the material which the economist presents, and that no advance is possible without the redemption of God, whatever that may mean in social terms.

In short, they are now specialists, and Christian sociology has become a highly specialized science. There is no possible help for that, but the price has to be paid, and we are all paying it. That price is that the specialist in every field he dominates, from nuclear physics to genetics and Christian sociology, tends to become a leader who wins a certain amount of very respectful attention but has fewer and fewer understanding followers. It seems to be almost part of the nature of modern science that each separate science grows its own jargon, which its practitioners use as convenient shorthand for thought and research, and by which it promptly isolates itself not only from the public at large, but also from the other sciences. It was a very eminent and thoughtful professor of chemistry who said the other day that he could no longer hope to understand the language which the physicists or the geneticists were using. "This mutual incomprehension," he said, "is very sad indeed, but it seems to be quite inevitable." The present leaders of Christian sociology, being scientists engaged upon a peculiarly difficult and complicated field of analysis, are all the time tending to use a certain type of language which is certainly not jargon, or anything remotely like it, but which is peculiar to this class of writing and difficult to hold in the memory.

Take, as example, the last book of Paul Tillich which I happen to have read, *The Religious Situation.* It is brilliant and profound; there can be no doubt about that. At first it seems to have a welcome simplicity. It is the expression of "a revolt against the spirit of capitalist society," which discourages "respect for the given" and encourages "faith in the self-sufficiency of the human and finite world." But the further the reader perseveres, the more he finds he is not taking in what he reads. He is reduced to reading each page very slowly, and several times. It is very likely true that every sentence which Tillich, Demant, or for that matter, Reinhold Niebuhr, writes is worth the effort. But this kind of reading is wholly foreign to our habits.

Philosophers do not ask this of us: their books get wittier and wittier as time goes on, and they have a lovely fertility of illustration. The economists used to ask it but seldom do so now. Christian sociologists make little allowance for the weakness of their readers' flesh. In the book mentioned above, Tillich invents a key phrase which is meant to define the essential spirit of successful Christian revolt against the evils of capitalist society. It is "Belief-ful Realism." He uses it again and again. To be sure, he defines it on several occasions, but the definition is not less obscure than the phrase itself.

THE BANE of the literature of the second phase of the Christian Social Movement is that it is largely unreadable except by experts. Automatically it follows that the movement is at present all generals and no army, and that which it is concerned to expose and explode (and it actually *does* both) goes unmoved on its way, not even noticing that its intellectual pretensions have been blown sky high. This malaise is quite inevitable. The writers are trafficking in high, deep and difficult matters. They really understand them, and so they cannot over-simplify them. The movement they serve has passed on to this marshy ground, and they cannot operate, as their predecessors did, from the firm, clear ground of a mountain. It was the movement of history and not the perversity of man which dictated that while the Birmingham Conference on Christian Sociology of 1924 should produce findings which were easy to understand, the Mal-

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vern Conference of 1939 (both presided over by the same man, William Temple) should produce findings which were intolerably difficult to understand. Nor is it reasonable to ask that the leading scientists of Christian sociology, engaged as they are in pioneering research, should be either practiced men of letters or good journalists. What the movement now needs more than anything else is a few really good popularizers. It will not be a popular movement until it finds them; and a movement bereft of popular understanding at least of the main outlines of what it is all about, and therefore bereft of popular support, will not cut any ice. The pity of it is that potential popular support is there all the time, for almost the whole world is in a state of revolt against it knows not what.

In the last two generations the professional theologians have found their lay interpreters in people like Dorothy Sayers, Charles Williams, T. S. Eliot, G. K. Chesterton and scores of others. The result is that theology is no longer an esoteric mystery but a subject of debate in newspapers, market place and factory floor. In so far as there is anything like a revival of religion today, this skilled interpretation of theology is one of its causes. Until the Christian sociologists do the same, they will write for each other; the rest of us, while saluting them with the great respect which is their due, will look for something else when we want to read for pleasure. They are original thinkers in a field where fresh thought and mental pioneering is essential. It is not reasonable to expect that more than a tiny handful of original thinkers in any sphere will ever be their own poets. On this sphere we need the poets now even more than the thinkers, and until they appear and take over, the Christian Social Movement will remain at a dead end.

O'MALLEY'S DOUBLE PLAY . . *by David Cort*

SO BASEBALL is not as important as housing or atomic fallout. Nevertheless, when it was announced that the Brooklyn Dodgers may go to Los Angeles and the New York Giants to San Francisco, several million Americans felt much as if they'd just been evicted or irradiated. To them and millions of others, the chief present passion in living is connected with the winning or losing of today's ball game. Giant and Dodger fans almost literally felt like a baby whose father deliberately drops it on its little soft head. The baby tried to understand that Father had his reasons and ended by wondering whether it really liked Daddy very much. The poor thing was in trauma.

The episode gives a wonderful example of anti-social skulduggery piously masked in "necessity," and a skillful confusion of issues which the press for some time seemed unable to disentangle.

Ball clubs have moved before, most recently the Boston Braves to Milwaukee, the Philadelphia Athletics to Kansas City and the St. Louis Browns to Baltimore. But these cities were one-club towns that were overloaded with two clubs. New York City is certainly not a one-club town. The Dodgers are at the moment the world champions of major-league baseball. The Giants have the longest history of greatness in the sport. If these two clubs are moved, baseball calls for an investigation, which Chairman Celler of the House Judiciary Committee seemed disposed to give it.

Celler was needed. A corps of sportswriters who can be deeply shocked by Ted Williams' spitting were unmoved by the much more anti-social moves of President O'Malley of the Dodgers. The double standard as between magnates and players had split too wide; the sportswriters' courtesy toward the magnates was obsolete. The picture of O'Malley as a heavy-hearted business man was too repulsive. It was time and overtime for the reluctant sanitation department. Let's clean this up quickly.

First, is an established ball club primarily a business man's gang of twenty-five workmen hired to keep a ball moving around smartly to amuse an audience? Certainly not. In essence, it is a Myth, supported in the air of the land by invisible jets of hope, anxiety, identification — call it all love — steaming from a million fans who may never go to the park. If there is no Myth, there is really no club. When a New Yorker says that he loves America, the Giants — or the Yankees — are a good part of what he means. There are people in the wastes of Brooklyn who hate everything about America except the neighborhood bar and grill and the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Second, is baseball a business? Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers is confused. One moment he says that, because it is not a business, New York City should buy him a $50,000,000 park. At the next moment, he says that it is a business he controls and that he can move it to Los Angeles. The fact is that the U.S. Government, by exempting baseball from a good many laws other business must submit to—labor laws, anti-trust laws, wartime priorities, etc.—has acknowledged that baseball is not a business. It can of course revoke these special considerations, if Mr. O'Malley insists. Soon after, baseball would probably be dead, in the Myth sense, and Mr. O'Malley ought to provide the burial plot.

Third is the issue of expanding the major leagues across the country. In all these discussions there is

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a peculiar drift toward setting up inter-city feuds, such as the celebrated one between the Giants and Dodgers. The major cities mentioned come in feud-pairs: Los Angeles and San Francisco, Dallas and Houston, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and that about finishes it, except for Toronto and Montreal.

A real feud is a mysterious thing. The Giant-Dodger feud exists between the citizens of two boroughs of New York City as well as between the two squads. The games attract big crowds, and are usually very closely played. Both teams are at better than their best. And the fans can browbeat members of their own family, office, club or saloon with the victory, for Dodger versus Giant patriotism splits every group right up the middle. All the elements in a feud act on one another. A feud cannot be created or manipulated. In 1910 Chicago thought itself the challenger to New York, and so there was a very hot feud between the New York Giants and Chicago Cubs. The magnates thought up a Washington-Baltimore feud. It has simply not panned out: the weak Washington club is primarily a baseball lobby in the national capital and the new Baltimore Orioles have not reclaimed the glory of the old.

FEUDS ARE THE province of anthropology. For these purposes, Giant and Dodger fans are members of Tribes.

However, the fan cannot begin to work up any hatred for an alien team until he loves his local team. And here the Myth is seen again as the essence of the matter. To a Giant fan, the Myth is of a gifted but muscle-bound titan, blocked by a stubborn left-footed pride. Against low-grade opposition, he is lower-grade. But let him come up against the swollen champion and he will, usually, beat the great man's brains out. The Giants have to do things the hard way, no matter who the current personnel may be. You have to love them. Their glorious past, as the greatest and most hated team in baseball, may be gone forever, but it trails the memories of its great fans, George M. Cohan, William Brady, Al Smith, Bill Fallon, Jimmy Walker—the type of the New York sport; and the greatest sport of all, McGraw.

Horace Stoneham of the Giants thinks he has done everything wrong lately. His departed pitcher, Maglie, won the pennant for the Dodgers; a few years before, his departed hitter, Mize, won the series for the Yankees. And so he has seemed to go along with O'Malley. He is not quick enough to see that the Dodgers are losing their skills; and the present Giants are about to rise. He believes in the Brooklyn Bluff, so much more imposing than Coogan's Bluff.

For the villain is of course O'Malley, a familiar enough type of banker's front man, a bluffer and conniver par excellence, a good man ringside at the Copacabana with a politician, a sportswriter and a judge. The world was looking the other way, in August, 1945, toward crashing Japan, when out of the Brooklyn woodwork crept Walter F. O'Malley as the figurehead of the Brooklyn Trust Company in the sale of 50 per cent ownership of the Brooklyn Dodgers by the Charles Ebbets estate, at the fire-sale price of $750,000. The buyers were ostensibly Branch Rickey, O'Malley and another man. The bank of course put up the money; as estate co-executor, it could not buy. The year before, the same group had got the 25 per cent interest of the Edward McKeever estate at the even more scandalous price of $250,000. The final 25 per cent interest of another McKeever daughter, Mrs. Dearie Mulvey, remained, still remains, is not for sale and not happy.

O'Malley's job was to look harmless for five years. Then he got Rickey's 25 per cent away at the more sensible price of $1,000,000, still being paid off today at the rate of $72,500 a year. At the parting ceremonies, Rickey cried; O'Malley did not even try hard.

O'Malley's present shenanigans are aimed at running his fabulous shoestring into an asset of a $50,000,000-plus ballpark paid for by New York or Los Angeles taxpayers. Obviously this is the time to do it, while the Dodgers are still only beginning to collapse. If they must go to Los Angeles, why, Hollywood is collapsing too. Let the two pricked balloons nestle down together.

WHAT matter if the invisible emotional tissue binding several million New Yorkers to their world is violently ripped out? The two small, cunning eyes in Brooklyn see a beautiful poker hand. New York's Mayor Robert Wagner can be played shrewdly against Los Angeles' Mayor Poulson and the FCC and various pay-TV setups and Pacific Telephone and Telegraph and A.T. and T. and Long Island's Franklin National Bank. What a blow if O'Malley should look down and see no cards at all except the emotions of those million people, including Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York City, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee.

A living society, it has often been noted, survives only on a great web of unwritten, tacit contracts. As these are broken, the society dies. O'Malley of course does not know this. He has never heard of any Myth, of any unwritten contract between himself and anybody. One is tempted to let him go to Los Angeles. There might even be a good feud between New York and Los Angeles. But the Giants must stay.

Still, one must wonder how much of a public villain a man is willing to be. What profit is worth it? What self-assurance or cleverness? Perhaps when the deed is done, O'Malley could change his name or find somewhere to hide, say Mexico City or Greenpoint.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Schweik Among the Herrenvolk

William Bittner

EVER since the rubble was cleared off the first printing press in post-war Germany, Hitler's officers have been holding a grand military critique of their part in the second world war; but until recently Americans showed little interest in what they had to say. Similarly, some of the best novels interpreting the war from the other side, such as Hellmut Kirst's *The Lieutenant Must Be Mad* and Virgil Georghiu's *The Twenty-Fifth Hour,* crossed the ocean too soon, and in spite of their fabulous success in Europe, moved rapidly to the remainder shelves. Even up to a year ago our interest had not come into focus; Kirst's *The Revolt of Gunner Asch*, the first volume of a trilogy called *Nul-Acht Fünfzehn* (the German equivalent of "GI") ran second to Willi Heinrich's *Cross of Iron,* a celebration of the "loyal" German fighter, the mythical *Landser* who is rank-and-file equivalent of the Prussian officer corps.

Focused or not, our very real interest in how the war looked through enemy eyes was latent, and no one sensed that better than the people at Ballantine Books, a publishing house that puts out hard-bound books simultaneously with many of their paperbooks. So far, Ballantine has issued a half-dozen works from German sources, plus several British and American interpretations of German source materials—and they have sold almost three and a half million copies! *Defeat at Sea*, by C. D. Bekker, a German Naval officer, and *The First and the Last*, by Adolf Galland, former head of the fighter arm of the *Luftwaffe*, are reprints of books that attracted little notice when Holt published them a few years ago. Now they disappear from the drugstore racks before I can finish my coffee and count them. They and Harald Busch's *U-Boats at War*, a Ballantine original, are just what you would expect: factual appraisals of the "errors" that brought defeat, written by unreconstructed militarists. They echo the theme, "If only...." The epitome of this type, Halder's *Hitler als Feldherr*, has not yet been translated, but in Germany it serves as model for a vast number of post-mortems that put the blame—not for the war, but for the defeat—on Hitler.

So rapidly are American paperbound book readers gobbling up these works that their sales figures are almost in the order in which they were published, those on the market longest having the biggest sale; yet two of them promise to outstrip the rest: the most recent, *U-Boat 977*, and the older *The German Raider Atlantis*, both written by the commanders of those ships. *Commando Extraordinary*, the story of Otto Skorzeny, the man who kidnapped Mussolini, will probably do as well. These books are personal narratives, as well-constructed and exciting as fiction, while at the same time they tell the inside story of fantastic and mysterious real people. In appeal they resemble the one piece of fiction in the Ballantine war series, Benno Zieser's *The Road to Stalingrad*, but in effect they are quite different. The ideals of their authors are those of the Prussian military caste, while Zieser was a victim, and although not quite a Schweik, came out of his experience convinced that the war was an evil thing. It has the same documentary value as the memoirs, and that seems to be what our readers want.

Over the past few months, seven more German books have been issued in hard covers, all fiction. Four of these are ideologically similar to *The Road to Stalingrad*: Sven Hassel's *The Legion of the Damned*, volume two of *Nul-Acht*, here called *Forward, Gunner Asch* (the third volume, *The Return of Gunner Asch*, will be published on July 2), Karl-ludwig Opitz' *The General*, and—most unusual of a rare lot—Friedrich Deich's *The Sanity Inspectors*. (The latter two have the least documentary value.) Of the rest, Erich Maria Remarque, in *The Black Obelisk*, describes the groundwork of despair and inflation that prepared the way for Hitler's dictatorship; Hans Habe's *Off Limits* shows how little idealism accompanied the pleasure-seeking of the American occupation; and the latest, Theodore Pleivier's *Berlin*, completes his trilogy (*Moscow, Stalingrad, Berlin*) that in panoramic fashion describes the disintegration of Germany in the East. All of these have some virtue as documentaries and almost none of the melodramatic appeal of the average war novel.

I VENTURE to say that *Berlin* is interesting to us for the same reason as are the Ballantine war histories. If along with it you read the latter half of Georges Blond's *The Death of Hitler's Germany*, you will find that the fictional characters serve as chorus and are dwarfed by the events that actually occurred. The one exception, a colonel whose adventures as a Russian prisoner occupy the last part of the book, is a little younger and less mellow than the colonel who is the heroic figure of *Off Limits*, but they are obviously cut on the same pattern. They represent the Old Prussian Virtues, the principles (if you want to make it a dirty word, you can say ideals) that the U-Boat, disguised raider, and *Messerschmitt* commanders adhered to in almost succeeding for Hitler. Habe struggles harder than Pleivier to keep from admiring this type, but his colonel too carries the book away with him.

We are infinitely curious about the birth, life and death of Hitler's Germany. Lord Russell of Liverpool's *The Scourge of the Swastika*, another Ballantine book on Germany, although written in as pedestrian a

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manner as one could imagine, and sickening in its details, has circulated nearly as widely as the rest of the paper bestsellers. It is my guess that we have two motives: having lived through the age of fascism, we want to know *what* happened in great detail, in the hope that we can figure out *how* it happened; and we want to find out from the Germans what a war with Russia is like. We want to know the Germans as enemies; as our enemies and as enemies of the Russians. Obviously the authors of these books had no such purpose in mind: the militarists are interested in avoiding their errors in the future, and in justifying themselves; the anti-military Germans want to know where they made their mistakes too, but in a moral rather than a tactical sense. What happened to us, they ask, that we *let* this happen?

IN *The Black Obelisk,* Remarque traces a group of his usual old war comrades through the inflation period of 1923. Outside his gay, disillusioned group of veterans, the people in the book are in an early stage of Nazism. His heroes fight the brownshirts, and in the end they are happy; they have come through, the mark is stabilized, the main character wins a chance to pursue a literary career in Berlin. But it is the happy ending that is most tragic; the solution was a false disalarm, to be followed, the reader knows, by the reappearance of Nazism after the disillusioned ones have gained new illusions. One might almost say that in this book Remarque has replaced his earlier works, *Three Comrades* and *The Road Back*, reforming them in light of the knowledge he gained through the years of *Flotsam, Arch of Triumph* and *Spark of Life*. It makes his other books almost unnecessary.

The Legion of the Damned has much of the atmosphere of Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, but it is more powerful to the same extent that the second world war was worse than the first. The *esprit de corps* of the cynical is made even more sharply ironical, since the characters are enemies of the regime, sentenced to a penal regiment on the Eastern Front. Like *The Road to Stalingrad*, it is more a memoir than a novel (the author says it is "ninety per cent factual"), but for all that, it is one of the most effective pieces of fiction I have read this year.

The hallmark of the best German novels on the war is a bitter humor that in itself suggests the irrational nature of military life. *The General* is a satire that shows an effective military man coming unhinged because of the single direction his vision took. It is slight (the passage in Hasek's *The Good Soldier Schweik* about the retired general who had his three servants line up and count off each morning is equally meaningful); but it is not as callow as the equally Schweikian *Forward, Gunner Asch*. Yet both of these books, because they betray a lightheartedness more appropriate to the first war, seem as shallow as Private Hargrove beside the ingenious *The Sanity Inspectors*. In this very clever novel the proposition is set up that not only was Germany immoral, but it was literally mad. The central character, a psychiatrist, tolerates Nazism up to the time the Gestapo starts looking for him because he certified as paranoid a man who was a major contributor to party funds. Taking refuge in the

Come Green Again

If what heals can bless
Can what blesses heal?
And all come green again
That was bodied forth
Years and years ago?
Years before my time.

Yet things I deepest learned
Turn into memory
As though no man's creation
But enlarges mine;
As though no man's existence
But was also mine
In its lonesomeness.

Henry Thoreau bent
In his boat on Walden Pond
Whistling his wooden flute
Under midnight stars
Across the stars in the water.

Hawthorne and Melville parting
At night in Liverpool,
Parting on a rainy corner
For the final time,
Something unsaid between them.

Mark Twain in moonlight
Standing in his Hartford house,
That wounded, beautiful man,
His hands at his white hair
While he sang 'Nobody knows
The troubles I've seen but Jesus.'

Then in broad daylight
The ladies of Camden drawing
Their skirts and kids aside
To avoid the dirty man
As Whitman hobbled past,
His basket on his arm
Filled with his book for sale.

Can such existences
Help but heal our hearts
Or such lonesomeness
Help but bless in us
That everlasting change
Which is our changelessness
And our humbleness?
And all come green again.

What I have learned enough
To have as air to breathe
Returns as memory
Correlative to Donne:
That no man's creation
But enlarges me.
O all come green again.

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Luftwaffe, he finds things madder than ever. His first tangle with military procedure draws the reaction, "Some of my lunatics used to be bound by fairly rigid rituals of one sort or another, but I never met anything as complicated as this before." Gradually realizing that the only place for the sane in a mad society is an asylum, he makes a career of certifying soldiers condemned to death by court martial. He ends up as a martyr, since it becomes evident to him that only those who actively fought Nazism could be effective in creating a decent society after the war; and when one of these, a minister, is condemned, he helps him escape and is shot in his place. The author, Deich, seems to be saying that after the war Germany would no longer need a psychiatrist, but it would need treatment of a moral nature.

Novelists have always made their works from the ingredients of their lives; but these writers go further—they are simply editors of actuality. The war between Germany and Russia contained, in essence, our whole predicament. None of the participants could feel themselves other than oppressors or victims; most were both. Caught between the merciless grinding wheels of two authoritarianisms, what could the individual do? What can he do today, when there is an even greater variety of machines to grind the individuality out of a person, leaving him machine-tooled or mass produced? In the United States and England, writers and thinkers have joined in an underground movement the prime rule of which is *survive*, body and spirit: yet their work is misunderstood when it does reach a popular audience. The Germans, as these books would seem to indicate, find the methods of Schweik, at the level of Kafka, their answer to the problem; and the documentary appeal circulates their books here, even if they are no better understood.

Probably the deepest answer to the modern enigma—and one that would not only reach, but convey its message to the American people—will come from those who have had the deepest experience with both extremes of the age of terror. One of the most exciting little-known writers today is Egon Hostovsky, a Czech whose *The Lonely Rebels* was published here some years ago. Last winter *The Hunters and the Hunted*, by Ivan Bahrianny, a Ukrainian in exile, was published here with no advance publicity; yet so effective was it in symbolizing the struggle of the individual against man and nature, in Siberia, that it circulated widely in spite of a lethargic job of publishing. Still others are in store, some even from inside the Soviet. It is my guess that the next direction our interest will take will be contemporary Russian, Polish, Hungarian and Ukrainian literature, and I am curious to know if the movement will begin again from the grass roots of paper books.

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Beautiful Sex

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SEX. By Robert Elliot Fitch. Harcourt, Brace. 114 pp. $3.

By Robert Hatch

A CONGREGATIONAL minister by the name of Robert Elliot Fitch is making a name for himself these days with a spade-is-a-spade dissertation entitled *The Decline and Fall of Sex*. It is Dr. Fitch's contention that we moderns are not getting enough out of our sex lives, and a man of the cloth is bound to attract a good deal of attention when he takes that position. More worldly social critics have been saying much the same thing right along without causing anything like the chatter *Time* reports having heard recently at cocktail parties.

Actually Dr. Fitch's position is not quite as sporting as his title and sprightly manner would make it seem. What he really deplores is the decline and fall of romance. "When sex is separated from love and honor it sinks into the slime." On this we must all feel that the author couldn't be more right, and it is extraordinary how he can fill even this small $3.00 book with the proof of it. But a man who will take the pains in 1957 to argue seriously with Elinor Glyn has a more than average knack for disputation.

Dr. Fitch thinks that the loves of Shakespeare are richer than those of Norman Mailer and Mary McCarthy. It strikes him that Dr. Kinsey's investigations discovered everything about sex except what makes it an enduring fascination. Modern man is dirty-minded and cold; he is capable of adultery, but passion escapes his grasp.

Just so, and the author can bring a host of witnesses, from Aldous Huxley to Herman Wouk, to support his case. Nevertheless, for all the Valentine hearts with which his publishers embellish the jacket of his book, there is more of Calvin than of cupid in Dr. Fitch's make-up. If we would just buck up and be lovers, all this amorous squalor could be routed by a renaissance of fervor. Modern writers, the principal targets of his scorn, are being plain lazy when they allow their characters to fall so far short of the erotic standards set by Tristan and Iseult. If Tennessee Williams were not so shiftless he'd get off that hot tin roof and hunt himself up an enchanted maiden to rescue. Like too many of his profession, Dr. Fitch directs his eloquent indignation at symptoms. And as you might expect, he is also quite cross with Freud. The way to get over being low-minded is to become high-minded; the way to conquer sterile lust is to embrace creative love. The congregation will now take a firm grip on its bootstraps.

What really irritates me about Dr. Fitch is his enthusiasm for the kind of love exemplified by Romeo and Juliet or Tristan and Iseult. A good many of his readers must have discovered more profound, not to say more fruitful, relationships than the raptures of these fate-crossed children. The trouble with the clergy, even the belligerently emancipated clergy, is that they are always offering you the extremes of heaven or hell—Hobson's choice for men and women too busy making a life together to worry about Priapus or to startle their friends by remarking that Hemingway worships at the Womb of Undifferentiated Being. *Merde*, as Dr. Fitch enjoys saying.

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ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Galerie St Etienne is holding until the end of June an exhibit of paintings by American school children on the subject of the four seasons. The 100 works on view have been chosen from among more than 16,000 entries. None of the painters is older than fourteen. The pictures are of an extraordinary gaiety. The color is daring, vivid and harmonious. In the work of a grown-up artist, their easy freedom and vivacity would denote unheard-of originality. Here we are pleased rather than astonished. Children's painting is a very special field and the rules that govern adult talent do not apply.

To the child artist the most important thing about his picture is its subject. No matter how abstract his picture seems to us, his principal interest was in telling a story. Otherwise he would have had no reason to paint it. Unlike the grown-up artist, he is little concerned with abstract beauty and not at all with depiction of visual space. The formal arrangement of his picture may be very good indeed. It is nevertheless not his primary concern; it is frequently the result of his unwillingness to waste any corner of his paper. The color we find so bold and beautiful is chiefly there to distinguish one object from another and to help him tell his story.

The space he depicts is motor, not visual—what he feels, not what his eye perceives. He draws things not as they appear to the eye but as they are found in the mind, as symbols, as ideas, as remembered feelings, as numbers. He is careful to count—five fingers, two legs, one mouth. The table he draws lies flat so that it will be able to hold the Thanksgiving turkey. His men eating watermelon have circular mouths full of teeth and there are red drippings of watermelon juice. His lone ranger has a horse, a mask, a hat, a sun and a lariat. *Santa's Helper* is having huge fun with the impossible task of pushing a large fat Santa Claus head first down a very small chimney. In such pictures all the details are functional. Their undeniable charm was never part of the painter's conscious plan. The fascination is nevertheless there, the result, perhaps, of the fact that painting comes so easily for him.

A child's own sensations, his own motions, are more real to him than the things he moves among. He feels and lifts and touches rather than sees. These motor associations he has no trouble painting. In putting them down he has no need to struggle, as does the grown-up artist, with visual consistency or precise communication. He is his own audience, and works for his own pleasure.

BUT when he approaches adolescence, all this is changed. He is no longer the sole inhabitant of his universe. The visual aspect of the outside world becomes as real as his motor sensations of it. If he wishes to paint he must now communicate. His images must have some correspondence with what he sees and with what he now discovers other people see as well. He must fit these things into some sort of visual framework, some convention of perspective, some way of representing the more complicated universe in which he now exists. He adopts the tritest conventions of grown-up drawing—they are most like his own. He copies comic strips and pretty girls with lashes and cupid lips. Or, unable to cope with the newly-revealed complexities of the visual world, he gives up in disgust. And his art teacher admits with sorrow that he has lost his talent.

It is possible that there is some way around this, some method of teaching drawing, some way of protecting the child from these too tempting vulgarities and too easy discouragements. It has not yet been found. There is no bridge between. And though a great many artists began to paint when they were still children, painting talent in a child is not a sign of adult talent to come, and the work of a mature painter has no relation whatsoever, either in kind or in skill, with what he might have done before the age of twelve.

Looking at this exposition, no one can deny that children's painting is a legitimate form of art. Here are paintings that would hold their own in any show: *Cotton Harvest*, for example, by Linda Cooler, age 12, two children in a cotton field which whitens in the distance to an ominous sky and a row of sinister houses; *Hallowe'en Parade*, by Lilijean Miller, age 9, two sheeted figures carry-

Praise for a Tom-Cat

Rainy, sore at the whole town,
Its committees and longings,
I look on plum-tree branches.
New white blossoms, dripping water,
Tap on my study window.
My official paper days
Are done by another man.
I exist only here. Night
Finds me a little drunk. Wife,
Child, and I, affectionate
And calm with each other's love
Eat well as the town lights up
Electric, frenetic, bright.
Our cat has been gone three weeks.
He came to us from nowhere
And has gone back to nowhere,
And I return to poems
That observe the same process
Yet love never seems pointless.

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ing masks—which with its perfect placement and strange paint textures might have been by Klee; the funny *Skating and Falling* by Sharon Fye, age 10, with its beautiful use of grey and black with bright colors; *Winter Fun*, by John Kibler, age 7—a skating party all in blue; *Heat Wave*, by John Sarrechia, age 13, a panting tiger in a brown and red woods, as delicate as any Graves; and perhaps best of all, *Posing on the Beach* by Gladys Hoggard, age 13—sunburned girls with beautifully excessive figures and wonderful hair-dos and bathing suits, as gaudy and elegant as a Florine Stettheimer.

This is art and very good art, but there is something lacking. Unlike most art, it has intrinsic beauty, no intrinsic value. These paintings cannot be acquired; they have no prices. Nor are they—what we demand of painting today—a series of individual and irreplaceable productions. They are the flowering of an age group, not the expression of an artistic personality. They belong to the process of growth, not to the history of painting.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Paris

EVER SINCE 1950 the French stage has seemed to me increasingly disappointing; in many ways retarded and provincial. A certain technical sloppiness, a complacency in ingrained old (often bad) habits of performance, a determination to be viciously clever or sentimentally hedonistic—generally a lack of freshness or genuine enthusiasm has spoiled for me the always-present talent and tradition that mark the French theatre.

The productions I saw this time showed an improvement in meticulousness of staging and acting. I shall say little of *An Old Lady's Visit*, by the Swiss Franz Duerenmatt—a play written in German and considered to be one of the few plays worthy of note in that language since the war. The reason I mention it at all is that its basic key is that bright bitterness which the French in the theatre nowadays assume to be the touchstone of intelligence—an attitude which at one time annoyed me but which I now regard as even more trite than honeysuckle optimism.

The hits of the season are *The Egg* by a forty-year-old novelist, Félicien Marceau, and *Patate* (which may be translated as "Softy"; the word literally is a variant of "potato") by Marcel Achard. Both plays are well produced and acted.

The world is the "egg" referred to in Marceau's play. It is an often witty, sometimes scabrous piece in which the central character narrates the lessons he has learned in his still young and mediocre life: none of the respectable truisms of our education is true; success comes most often to those who realize that dishonesty is the safest policy. Most of the scenes are like revue blackouts—funny and cynical. Never a bore, the show is the same kind of entertainment for the Parisian as *A Visit to a Small Planet* is for New Yorkers; with the difference that the French play is more "philosophical," which in France means wicked rather than innocent.

The trouble with *The Egg*, as with most others of its species, is that it is too simple-minded. To believe that life is all "bad," that vice always triumphs over virtue, is even more naive—and impractical!—than to believe that life is all "good." The French have discovered that a new way to be cute is to turn sentimentality upside down. It's the same old trick of evasion and should fool no one.

ACHARD's play is more straightforward. Its premise is interesting. Two men since their early school days have been attached to each other by a combined sense of guilt and envy. The gruffer of the two—and supposedly the more honest—has always been less successful than his better-looking and slicker friend. The latter has become the rather patronizing support of his improvident rival—the "Softy" of the title. Softy's jealousy is so obsessive that it amounts to a fascination with his luckier friend, an obsession which makes it nearly impossible for him to appreciate the pleasures he should take in his own life.

The weakness of this play is that its plot, which involves the seduction by the prosperous man of his poor friend's adopted daughter, is not only implausible but so meretriciously devised that the humanity and decency of all the characters become suspect. The play's appeal lies in the sharpness of its quips and the characterization of the daughter, who says of her generation: "We don't suffer: we are only annoyed."

POOR BITOS by Jean Anouilh was interesting to me chiefly as a revelation of how the author has transformed what he hates in himself into an attack against Communists and extreme Leftists generally, as represented in French history by Robespierre. The Communist Bitos is abler, more logical and "purer" than any of his rivals—in this case his former classmates—but he suffered in his youth from being humiliated by his poverty and his class background (his mother was a laundress). His basic impulse, therefore, has become a venomous envy and a desire for revenge, which he translates into political action.

Anouilh himself, once frightfully poor, has never been able to reconcile himself to the rich. He flagellates himself here through his central character, but in doing this he also betrays his ineradicable horror of those who inspired the hatred in him. The result is that, objectively speaking, all parties are derided. The Parisian critics felt insulted by Anouilh's universal contempt but the audiences are held, despite themselves. Aside from Anouilh's skill, they sense in the play an expression of all their tensions—both personal and political—although, like the author, they imagine that what is presented is a bitter portrait of only one social enemy.

Samuel Beckett's *End of the Game* may be said to supply the climax of a tendency in the theatre of negation. Theatrically, the new play is less attractive than the same author's *Waiting for Godot*, because the latter play uses more concrete and colorful symbols: two tramps waiting in a mournful land-

Motto for an Uncompleted Monument

In waves Time ebbs away
from the shell of the broken skull
where the soldier stares at the day
whose colors blur and gray
before the blank eyes fail.
"The casualties were mild,"
but for this one heaviest.
Time rocks her wayward child,
man's hopes grown fierce and wild,
against her pulseless breast.
We who still have sight
accuse her marble stance
of leaning its blind weight
against the happier fate
we quarried by guess and chance.
Yet Time acts out no tragedy:
ours is the failure that stings,
unable to fix on any
kind of a Victory
even the most broken wings.

KENNETH PITCHFORD

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scape for someone to meet and perhaps help them is an easier image to comprehend than a blind, paralyzed man imprisoned in a bare room with legless parents who remain immobilized and finally die in two garbage pails.

THE meaning of *End of the Game* is akin to that of *Godot*—though the new play is more savage and hopeless, with little of the tenderness which alleviated the earlier work. It is a poem—at times impassive and drab, at other times snarling through a grin—of the essential meaninglessness of life. Its writing has humor, tang and an obliquely lyric eloquence.

Seeing this play in Paris, I was struck more forcibly than I was at the more entertaining performance of *Godot* in New York, by the philosophical and esthetic flaw in Beckett's work. He wants to essentialize—lay bear to the nth degree—the ground patterns of life's course. But life cannot be essentialized, since the substance of life is not in some supposed abstract design or "secret," but in the apparent trivia which so many philosophers begin by discarding. The surface of life, the myriad day-by-day phenomena, the *illusion* (as some are pleased to have it) is all —*is* life. Not to accept this is sickness.

Pain is certainly real and to cry out with it is right. As one expression of such a cry Beckett may be accepted as a true poet in the theatre of our time; but because of the flaw in what he believes and the art that expresses it, his is minor art.

The production that most impressed the Parisian élite at this year's International Theatre Festival was Peter Brook's staging of Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* with Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and Anthony Quayle. The play is a Mickey Spillane thriller with patches of Elizabethan poetry. A discussion of this production belongs more properly to that part of this series datelined London—to which I shall soon proceed.

Music in Moscow

Alexander Werth

DMITRI SHEPILOV is a more subtle and less bad-tempered and ill-mannered man than the late Comrade Zhdanov: that was one of the most striking aspects of the Second Congress of Soviet Composers, held in Moscow this spring. Everything went off much more smoothly than at the first Congress nine years ago, which came soon after that incredible conference at which Zhdanov encouraged the functionaries of the Composers' Union to tear to pieces Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Khachaturian, Miaskovsky and other leading Soviet composers as so many "formalists"—whose work (as the phrase went) was "not wanted by the people."

And yet, as one wades through the great official speeches made by Shepilov, the Central Committee's arbiter of the arts, and Tikhon Khrennikov who, even after all these years, still remains the top party bureaucrat of the Composers' Union, one sees that they perform a sort of tightrope dance, and blow hot and cold, being very Zhdanovite at one moment and not-so-very Zhdanovite the next.

To begin with, both Shepilov and Khrennikov made a point of declaring that in its famous 1946-48 decrees on art, literature and music, the Central Committee (i.e. Zhdanov) was quite right. Shepilov specially went out of his way to deny the charges made by "certain critics" that "the years that followed the First Congress were a period of dogmatism, obscurantism and scholasticism." The great "creative capital" that the Soviet composers had brought to the Second Congress was said to show up the absurdity of these allegations.

Shepilov's whole speech was marked by a sort of hairsplitting scholasticism of its own. On the one hand, "tender care" must be given to *"individual talent"*; on the other hand, *"individualism* is the worst enemy of a free creative process." On the one hand, "the people are the supreme judge of a work of art"; on the other, Shepilov attacked a type of critic who dismissed a composition as worthless on the ground that "the people had not accepted it." Or again, on the one hand, was the constant reiteration of the dogma that all Soviet music must be *"human"*; on the other, a quotation from Gorki describing Lenin going into raptures over the *Appassionata* and exclaiming that he "could listen every day to this amazing, *un-human* music." It may, indeed, be argued that all this inconsistency is, in itself, a healthy sign, a sign of a greater liberalism on the part of the Central Committee toward music and the other arts.

THE MUSICAL output since 1948 has obviously been disappointing. In the proceedings of the Second Congress, the numerous specific complaints were, it is true, wrapped up in a lot of verbiage about Soviet music being richer in talent and resources than any other; but when it came to the point, both Shepilov and Khrennikov had to admit that the last nine years do not compare favorably with earlier periods. Shepilov paid lip-service to the 120 operas that had been composed in the Soviet Union since 1948; but very few, he then admitted, had been produced in more than one or two theatres; while many had not been produced at all. In the correspondence columns of *Literary*

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Gazette a reader remarked that it was the general fashion, almost a mania, to ignore new operas. Shostakovich, in the course of the Congress, said that if that were so, it was because most of the new operas weren't much good.

Khrennikov, commenting on orchestral and chamber music, spoke almost nostalgically of the 30s and early 40s which had produced such admirable works as Shostakovich's Fifth and Seventh Symphonies, Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky* and *Romeo and Juliet*, Khachaturian's piano and violin concertos, etc. The list of works produced since 1948 (apart from Shostakovich's *Song of the Forests*) was much less impressive. It did include a few items of which one should like to know more: the *Epic Poem* by Galinin, *Glory, My Homeland*, by G. Zhukovsky, a *Sixth Symphony* by Y. Ivanov, besides one or two new works by Kabalevsky. But from what other speakers said, it is clear that few, if any, of these works have "caught on."

THREE important facts emerge from the speeches made at the Composers' Congress and especially from the accompanying discussions in the press.

1. An enormous amount of music is composed every year "for the people," but very little of it reaches "the people." Shepilov and Khrennikov cited long lists of names of composers—some of them young men—but as one of the leading Soviet conductors, Alexander Gauk, wrote in *Literary Gazette* on March 26:

> There is no real bond between our new symphonic music and our public. Our public scarcely know it. To take even symphonies famous abroad: with great difficulty do I manage to conduct Shostakovich's Fifth three times a year, and in different cities at that; the Seventh I am lucky to conduct once in three years. For years now I have tried in vain to conduct Prokofiev's marvellous Fifth Symphony; and Khachaturian's admirable Second Symphony had to wait for ten years before a Rumanian conductor came to Moscow to perform it.

All this shows that a vast amount of music is produced "for the files," as it were, and that both radio and concert organizations are, as in other countries (and perhaps even more so), up against the Mozart - Beethoven - Tchaikovsky-Rachmaninov stone wall of popular taste.

2. All the Congress speeches made much of the musical and operatic achievements of the non-Russian republics. Thus we are told that original operas have lately been produced for the first time in Uzbekistan, Tadjikistan, Turkmenistan, Kazakhstan, Bielorussia and the autonomous Soviet republics of Tataria, Bashkiria and Buriat-Mongolia. This emphasis seemed intended to make up for the current shortcomings in Russia proper.

3. Perhaps the most significant fact to emerge from the Congress is that composers (as well as other artists) had been greatly bewildered and confused in the last nine years, and had lacked any genuine enthusiasms. The composing of songs—a field in which both the prewar and wartime years were remarkable—had suffered a terrible decline, according to all accounts. It pointed to a lack of genuine inspiration and enthusiasm. Even the development of the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan, for all its romantic presentation in the press, had not produced any outstanding musical work—not even any memorable songs. It was different both before and during the war, when there was either revolutionary enthusiasm or wartime patriotism to inspire composers. Now, according to Shepilov, an incredible amount of cheap, sentimental and "jazzy" rubbish is being produced, because apparently the public likes it. With a show of indignation, Shepilov remarked that even a theme as lofty as the Brotherhood of Nations had been exploited for the lowest commercial purposes by certain composers, who thought nothing of writing music to rubbishy words like these:

> The two Italian girls, they kiss
> The Negro on both cheeks;
> In Moscow he alone is shocked.
> For the people around them cry:
> "Go on!
> Do it again! Again!"

Such "feeble primitivism," said Shepilov, was intolerable, and had to be fought against as severely as "aestheticizing formalism."

It is, all the same, important that—apart from the authors of the *Brotherhood of Nations* song—nobody was called names. Works by well-known composers that didn't quite "fit" the party line were simply ignored. But Shepilov remarked that he did not believe in pillorying anybody: which, in itself, is quite an advance from the Zhdanov position.

If we weren't in the midst of another Cold War, this liberalism might have gone a good deal further. As it was, the Colonial Peoples' Struggle for Independence, Suez and the Crushing of the Counter-Revolution in Hungary were spoken of as promising and inspiring subjects for new Soviet compositions.

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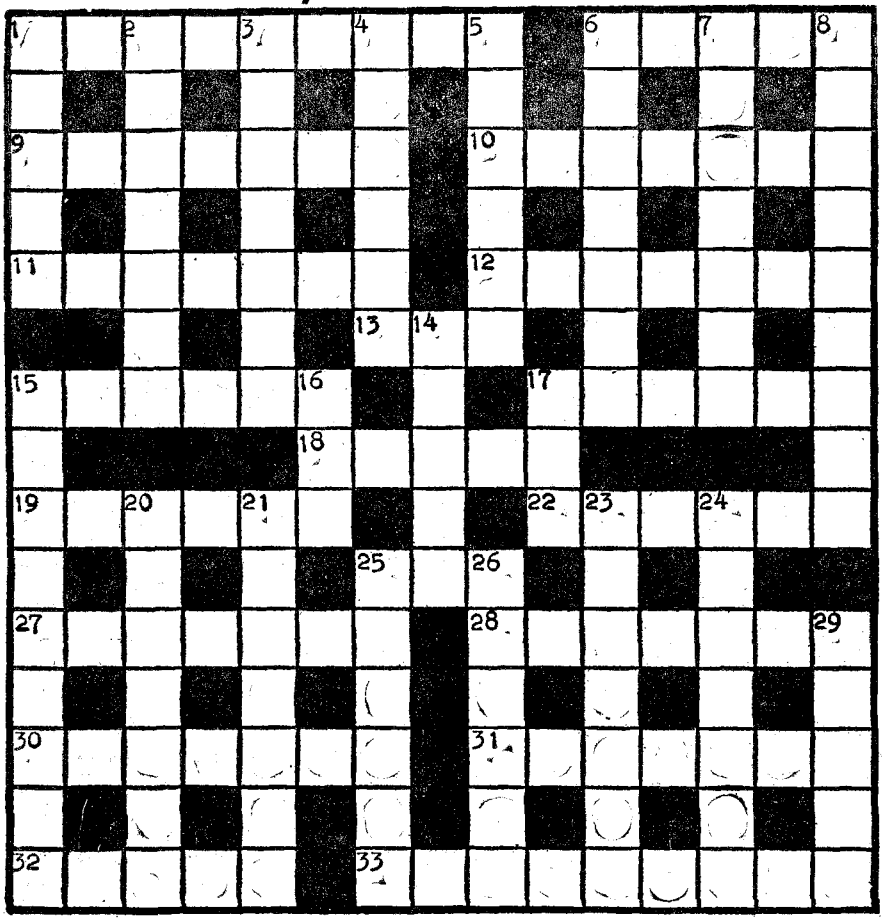
Crossword Puzzle No. 729

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 6 across
6 and 1 across Legal presentation to meet in Coward or Shakespeare. (5, 9)
9 It's Lee's way of giving intelligent direction. (7)
10 See 1 down.
11 Quicken. (7)
12 If the table doesn't seem to rock because of them, have some more! (7)
13 A sort of listless 9. (3)
15 and 21 Might be a long ways from medium, and the direction is far off. (6, 7)
17 You might bring up things on this. (6)
18 See 25 across, or 14 down.
19 Trim a tree, perhaps. (6)
22 This might bray. (6)
25 and 18 Plant, perhaps, used commonly for everything. (3, 5)
27 Permit insects to take every direction but west! (7)
28 The state of musical comedy might be responsible for them. (7)
30 These fugitives imply it might be rather grim inside, to look back around. (7)
31 A rather elegant letter. (7)
32 Utter. (5)
33 Is such trouble caused by paint? (9)

DOWN:

1 and 10 Simply out of this world! (12)
2 An element of silver whiteness. (7)
3 One who rises quickly and lifts the pie out of it. (7)
4 Samples from the states, no doubt. (7)
5 Is more easily broken when full of cracks. (6)
6 Depose a ruler in financial matters? (7)
7 Caucasian in a rain storm? (7)
8 Would elements be found in this condition in Maryland? (4, 5)
14 and 18 Probably not satellite defenses. (10)
15 Lie in rest, capable of withstanding shock. (9)
16 This animal goes from one direction to the other and back. (3)
17 Hope without anger is poisonous. (3)
20 Mark paid. (7)
21 See 15 across.
23 One bite is enough for combs and buttons, perhaps. (7)
24 Location of a little rocker? (7)
25 The way the ragged might be seated. (6)
26 Compounds made of more than one variety of 29. (6)
29 The way to 21 an animal. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 728

ACROSS: 1 BACCALAUREATE; 10 EVIDENT; 11 FRISIAN; 12 OPOSSUM; 13 OBSCENE; 14 SLENDER; 15 KINETIC; 16 RIVULET; 20 A PRIORI; 23 TERRAIN; 24 LOBELIA; 25 VOUCHER; 26 RECITAL; 27 SENSELESSNESS. DOWN: 2 ADIPOSE; 3 CREASED; 4 LATIMER; 5 UNFROCK; 6 ERICSON; 7 TRIDENT; 8 DEMONSTRATIVE; 9 INDESCRIBABLE; 17 VERDURE; 18 LOATHES; 19 TENDRIL; 20 ALLURES; 21 RUBICON; 22 OBLATES.

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